

*From John A. Collins March 14th 1883*

**AH! YES I REMEMBER  
BEN BOLT'S REPLY**

*Written by*

**(Sidney Dyer)**

AND DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

**"LITTLE ALICE"**

*Music by*

**HENRI VASOUVER.**

PIANO

*25 Cts. nett.*

GUITAR

*Louisville G.W. BRAINARD & CO. 117 Fourth St.*

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REN BOLT'S REPLY.

THE YES I RE-NEW-AM-ER.

Words by Rev. S. D. ... Arranged for the GUITAR by Prof. G. R. ...

The musical score consists of four systems, each with two staves. The notation is for guitar, with various chords and melodic lines. The lyrics are written below the staves, often with some words appearing above the notes. The paper is aged and shows some staining.

Lyrics (from top to bottom):

... the ...  
... the ...  
... the ...  
... the ...

Entered according to Act of Congress, 1877, by G. W. ... in the clerk's office of the District Court of D. C.



## BEN BOLT'S REPLY.

## AH! YES I REMEMBER.

Words by Rev<sup>d</sup> S. Dyer. Arranged for the GUITAR by Prof: G.B. Downie

3<sup>rd</sup> Ah! well I re... mem... ber the schoolhouse and brook, "And the  
1<sup>st</sup> Ah! yes I re... member that name with delight, Sweet  
master so kind and so true," The wild blooming flowers in the  
Alice so cherish'd and dear; I seek her lonegrave in the  
cool shady nook, So fragrant with in... cence and dew; But I  
pale hours of night, And moisten the turf with a tear. And

Entered according to Act of Congress 1852 by G.W. Brainard & Co in the clerks office of the district court of Ky.



weep not for these tho' so dear to my heart, Nor the friends that have left us a...

there when the heart is o'erburden'd with woes, I wander and muse all a...

lone;.....

The bosom will heave and the tear drop will start, For "sweet

lone..... And long for the time when my head shall repose, Where "sweet

Alice lies un.....der the stone."

Alice lies un.....der the stone."

2nd Verse  
I

roam thro' the woods where so joyous we stray'd, And re.cline on the green sunny



hill, All things are as bright in that beautiful glade But my

heart is all lonely and chill; For the hand that so fondly I

then press'd in mine, And the lips that were melting with love ..... Are

cold in the grave and I'm left to repine 'Till I meet with sweet Alice a...

bove...



